The Rohwer Transmitter

Easter Edition

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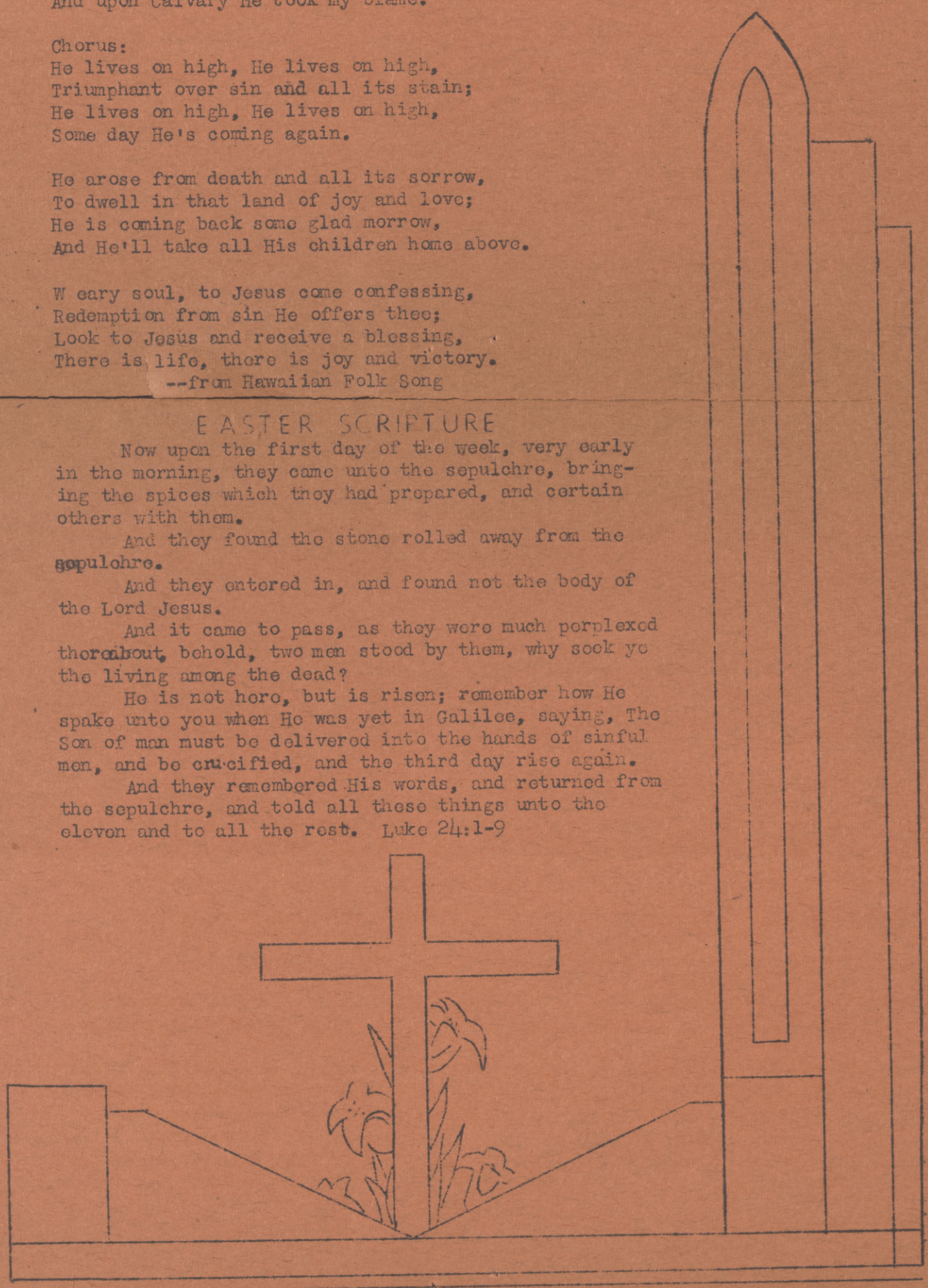
HE LIVES ON HIGH

Christ the Saviour came from heaven's glory,
To redeem the lost from sin and shame;
On His brow He wore the thorn-crown gory,
And upon Calvary He took my blame.

Chorus:
He lives on high, He lives on high,
Triumphant over sin and all its stain;
He lives on high, He lives on high,
Some day He's coming again.

He arose from death and all its sorrow,
To dwell in that land of joy and love;
He is coming back some glad morrow,
And He'll take all His children home above.

W eary soul, to Jesus come confessing,
Redemption from sin He offers thee;
Look to Jesus and receive a blessing,
There is life, there is joy and victory.
--from Hawaiian Folk Song



EASTER SCRIPTURE

Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them, why seek ye the living among the dead?

He is not here, but is risen; remember how He spake unto you when He was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.

And they remembered His words, and returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven and to all the rest. Luke 24:1-9

VITAL LIVING

As the morning of the resurrection comes to us with a force of reality in these trying days, one would wonder if Christ arose from the dead and is alive. I should like to relate a story of a Doctor G. Pentecost of Brooklyn, New York, who was preaching in his church one Sunday evening some years ago, on the subject of the Resurrection of Christ. After the service was over and the congregation had left the building, Dr. Pentecost noticed one man still sitting in his seat with his head bowed. The minister walked down the aisle toward the man, who, raising himself, revealed to the sympathetic gaze of the preacher a face that was very unsightly. It was bloated and stamped with a miserable look. "Well, my friend, what is the matter?" asked God's man kindly. His tone of sympathy appealed to the man, and he told his story: the tale of a young man meeting with the temptation of drink and at first only "slightly yielding", then going from bad to worse, until now he had sunk to the lowest depth. "But if the Lord Jesus Christ is alive as you say, do you think He would help me?" "Have you lived through all these years without knowing that?" inquired Dr. Pentecost. "Yes, I know," that man replied, "but I never thought of Him as living and able to help me."

This world is filled with men and women who have been taught that Jesus Christ rose from the dead even as the Scriptures affirm; but their teachings and beliefs have never taken a vital hold upon them. Yes, they believe, but their belief is not living; they agree that Christ was raised alive but to them He is a Christ of the centuries gone by and has no power to change the destiny of a life today. As far as any help for their own personal problems and troubles is concerned they might have just as well have no belief at all. But, friends, Jesus is alive today and He ever liveth to make intercession for us. Not merely for those in ages gone by, but for us now!

How well the Psalmist David knew God's keeping power even before Jesus Christ was born. He said, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." What a testimony from his lips! His access to the throne of God was by Law. He had no personal Saviour at the right hand of God making intercession for him, but through the beacon light of prophecy he knew that one day he would have. By faith in One Lord is my strength and my salvation."

Now, thanks be unto God, our faith is planted in One who came two thousand years ago and died for the sin of the world; One who died that every sin and debt to pay." Now we have a personal representative before the great God of heaven. Today, He comforteth us in all our tribulation.

This Christ is a divine, personal Saviour, but men have tried to reduce Him to the level of a mere good man who has no more power to change a human soul than Darwin, Spencer or Huxley. God forgive the so-called "wisdom of man" that has robbed him of a personal Saviour!

The Lord Christ Jesus is alive today! You may never have thought of Him as living and able to help you, but to prove Him, my friend, you have but to present your need and, if you are sincere in heart, He will do abundantly more than you can think or ask. But first of all, you must accept Him as your Saviour. His promise is this: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37).

What is your need? Simply call upon Him! Christian men and women the world over have found His redeeming grace to be sufficient and satisfying. You with an aching, troubled heart: His grace is for you and me. His blood was shed for you and me, and He lives today to bring you and me to the Father. Come to Him just now and find grace your every need to fill.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all;
In full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when our Saviour died.

Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul--renewing flood;
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when He was glorified.

--Mrs. Ruth Niiya

EASTER GREETINGS

"O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." I Cor. 15:55-57.

The staff workers and members of our church wish to extend to all readers everywhere, our cordial greetings of this Easter Season. We are grateful for our relationship and want you to know that we are interested in you. We know that you are busy but write us occasionally. Please tell us how you are getting along on the outside. Let us know of any prayer requests. Read your Bible daily. Make use of devotional material and let us be helped in Christian growth.

The church bulletin is our pastoral caller to your home. Pray for our work here. Pray for our members overseas. Let us think of our various members and ministers and remember each other as we spend time in communion with God.

THE MEANING OF EASTER

Easter is the most significant day in the Christian calendar. The physical happenings in the midst of excitement at a Jewish festival 1900 years ago are too obscured by myth and tradition to justify dogmatism. But some things are certain: a group of intelligent people became convinced that the spirit of the man whom they had known was still alive after a physical death and burial; they became so positive of the continuing presence of Jesus' spirit that they discarded cowardice for courage and staked their lives on their conviction that he was alive; the church, by far the most beneficial institution ever established among men, was created by this conviction, and for 1900 years has been sustained by this same Easter conviction--the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth lives and we, too, shall live.

--Dr. Joseph B. Hunter

GOD IS NEAR

Whenever I feel lonely and melancholy, I take a walk--just a simple walk on a winding road, little travelled by people. The crickets chirp to me as I stroll along in the soft moonlight. The tall grass by the wayside whispers softly to my ears. It is then I know that God is near. I can feel Him in the moist cool air that makes me want to fill my lungs with its coolness. I hear His voice in the million frogs and insects singing their joy to the twinkling audience above. Even these creatures know that all is well where God is. My heart throbs with renewed exaltation for I am conscious of His presence all around me.

Last night I felt lonely, for everything seemed to have gone wrong for me, but now here was nature's own to comfort my aching heart. Strolling in that peaceful moonlit night, I recalled a sermon I once heard. The minister had preached about God's purpose in us. We so often clutter our imagination with worries for the future it is no wonder our blessings are thwarted so they cannot be recognized. We are blinded from His plan for us. I had liked the preacher's illustration of our life being like that of a gladiola. The bulb is planted and with the loving care of the gardener, it responds to God's call and pokes its head above the cool earth. It gradually grows until it reaches its maturity in a graceful flower. God made us like that. He gave us certain talents and abilities and expects us to develop them to the fullest. I think this over and my mind clears. I am not lonesome anymore; but feel akin to these creatures of the dark, who rejoice at their every blessings. Quiet confidence returns and with it peace and serenity.

--Anonymous Nisei

RIDING A HOBBY

What's your hobby? In this center, woodcarving, needlework, artificial flowers, artistic canes, polishing pebbles, flower arrangement art work are proving to be of consuming interest. The "kobu" fad is gone. You'll see dusty specimens of cyprus knee carvings on the mantles. Yes, certain hobbies are popular for a while but pretty soon it becomes one of the "by-gones". However, some of the products remain as interesting relics.

The king of hobbies is stamp collecting. Have you tried it? Has the "stamp bug" ever bit you? If you, my friends, get packages, and particularly, from the mail order firms and do not care for the stamps, please save them for me. Will you leave a little paper around the stamps? Try this. Collect a set of envelopes with postmarks from each of the relocation centers. This will be a very interesting "camp-life-souvenir". Already, when you start this, you'll find that it is hard unless you have a "Denson, Arkansas," envelope tucked away. What's the earliest postmark that you have of our center post office?

Some day, when I have time, I hope to sort out my stamps out of a shoe box. By the way, if you're interested in collecting, I'll be glad to give you some interesting foreign stamps. A missionary in Cuba sent me some which I gave to our ROHWER STAMP CLUB members. The next meeting will be held at the C. A. Office on Saturday, April 7, 1945, at 1:30 p.m. Stamp collecting is fascinating, interesting and enjoyable. Right now I'm interested in religious stamps of the world. Come to our meeting and let's ride our hobby!

--Rev. K. Harper Sakaue

THE
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CHRIST IS BORN

When Mary peered into the tomb
On that first Easter morn
A radiant glory pierced the gloom
For Christ again was born.

Across the years that Light can shine
Into a heart forlorn.
In life transformed we have the sign
That Christ again is born.

Renew your pledge to go His Way
This Resurrection morn
So that your singing heart may say
The Christ again is born.

--Merrill H. Ziegler

FAITH IS THE VICTORY

Almost two years have swiftly filled our pages of that unique chapter of the pioneering Nisei, on the battlefields, scattered communities, and in lonesome, bewildering metropolis. In retrospection, for the varied, new experiences, some immensely profiting, and others vividly painful, though somewhat eased by the healing of time, I give humble thanks, both as a personal testimony and a challenge graciously accepted on the part of those diffused into the stream of unfamiliar American life.

What has been the reactions and the results of these strange and yet enrichening, and remarkably educating exodus into the realm of unknown, unrealized existences?

Has it "added a cubit to our stature", or detracted from our sense of rationality considering every influence and aspect, midst the unpredictable, and uncertain future, still within our own making?

Have we had the strength to "battle" the hardships, the stresses, and physical strains of life, without an inner consciousness of a "power above", and beyond a mortal control?

As if in quick answer to these questions, so dubitable to those acquainted with only the secular wisdom, there are countless witnesses to courageous souls, who have borne the endless griefs and pains, and overcome them with profound forbearance, in spite of every visible handicap or disabilities. The radiance of their personality is reflected on the countenance of the recovered veterans, and restored patients of the hospital. These are truly transformed individuals who have discovered the deep faith, and the supreme joy, so satisfying, midst their woes in their communion with the spirit of an ever loving Father. Surely, if in their moment of need, one can comprehend a trust so complete, and ever-sustaining, we can at least in our vigor, and rightful senses, appeal to that source of spiritual enlightenment, in our daily prayers, to increase and strengthen our faith.

How even as nature manifests in its marvelous way and survives its dark hours, the unrelenting havocs of the winter snow and fierce storms to again reveal the glory that is abound in His knowledge, is the groping desire to satisfy our own yearning, and to respond to His ever willing, and generous love.

May this triumphant Easter season, serve to remind us of a greater need and fuller reliance in His love, which surpasses all understanding. Only then can we trust and obey, and dimly appreciate and realize the verity of His promise, that "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith".

In closing, may I quote from a poem, I recently found which so fittingly covers the exact pursuit one could follow to attain that satisfaction of a life well-lived, despite our numerous failing, and by clinging to a faith so strong, we can possibly "build now stately mansions, oh my soul":

Some Faith at any cost--
No vision and you perish;
No ideal, and you're lost;
Your heart must ever cherish,
Some faith at any cost.
Some hope, some dream to cling to,
Some rainbow in the sky,
Some melody to sing to,
Some service that is high.

(Harriet du Autermont)

Walter Saito, Ann Arbor, Michigan.